

# JOHN DREW COMES TO TOWN AS PENDENNIS



Ruth Chatterton, who returns to New York as a star in "Come Out of the Kitchen" to-morrow at the Cohan.



Irving Cummings and Marjorie Wood, in "Object Matrimony," the new Glass-Goodman play. Wednesday at the Cohan & Harris.



Charlotte Greenwood, who is "So Long Letty" in the musical play coming to the Shubert.



John Drew as Major Pendennis in Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of Thackeray's novel. At the Criterion on Tuesday.

## IN WIGS AND WINGS

Some Consideration of Wilson's Record as a Theatregoer

By HEYWOOD BROWN.

WOODROW WILSON ought to be re-elected, but not on his dramatic record. The President goes to the theatre frequently, yet whenever he comes to New York he picks a popular show rather than a good one. Almost invariably he selects a melodrama or a farce.

If we remember correctly, he saw "Grumpy" twice and he was highly delighted with an indifferent farce called "No. 33 Washington Square," in which May Irwin was the star.

One of the first things to which he rushed this season was the tawdry "Civilization." But Mr. Wilson has Vandeville in his favorite diversion. During such times as the submergence of the submarine are being he may be found every week at Keith's Washington branch.

He saw the act of Mercedes there, and when the thought transferring gentleman asked what the blindfolded President promptly remarked "The Star-Spangled Banner." We never did think much of the use of the national anthem in the twice-a-day houses, but, on the other hand, Mr. Hughes might have asked for "Die Wacht am Rhein."

The Friars' Frolic delighted Mr. Wilson beyond measure, and he remarked that he wished he could accompany the troupe. Willie Collier deterred him by replying, "If you want to go along with us you'll have to black up." However, the President did draw the burnt cork color line.

The most unfortunate thing about the President's rather low taste in things theatrical is that his example seems to have infected the entire Administration. Ambassador Gerard, just back from the land of good drama, had two days to spend in the New York theatres and saw "Betty" and "Upstairs and Down."

MOVING picture directors will save money when they learn that war is not dramatic. Drama is concerned with the fortunes of individuals and not of groups or nations.

If Pierre and Fritz meet suddenly in a shell crater from which all other soldiers have fled there arises a situation suitable for the theatre, but there is little drama in the clash of the thousands. Playwrights have avoided battles as a rule on account

of the limitations of the theatre. Scenario writers are able to leap these handicaps. If they will they can have their thousands, and of late they have courted the privilege of filling the screen with contending warriors, but they cannot make the spectator thrill to the fate of the many as he thrills to the adventures of the few.

Consider Griffith's "Intolerance" and his earlier "Birth of a Nation." In the latter picture the big scene occurred when a small group was besieged in a cabin by negro soldiers. The members of that group were acquaintances of the audience and there was therefore far more interest in watching their fight for life than in contemplating the fall of Babylon, even though the battle of "Intolerance" is on a far larger scale and is much more remarkable from a photographic standpoint. Yet, after all, what does it matter if Babylon stands or tumbles? We don't know a soul in the place.

Again, in the Fox picture "A Daughter of the Gods" we see two mammoth armies at strife and watch them die out of emotion. Suddenly the masses fade and there are only two figures on the screen. Prince Omar and Anita are hewing away at each other, and up comes the pulse. This is much better. Now our friends are fighting.

Nor is it necessary to prove our point entirely by war incidents. It is generally agreed that modern football is much more interesting than the old-fashioned game. Time was when the man who carried the ball had six or seven associates to pull him along and as many opponents to pull up to prevent the cooperative advance. Drama came to the game when the mass became a Mahan. Anybody can get excited about the toe of a Brickley, but interest is only technical when the progress of the pickin' is bound up in a scrimmage which rests upon eleven pairs of legs.

War is the greatest team game in the world, and so it is the least dramatic of world movements.

WILLIAM Fox should be congratulated on "A Daughter of the Gods." Early in the film drama one of those pesky birds which infest all pictures is caught by a cat and killed. We were very much pleased.

PINERO'S "Iris" might have been included in the brief list of plays with good last acts which we printed last week.

A READER thinks that William Collier fails to abstain from lying in his twenty-four-hour trial which forms the basis of "Nothing but the Truth." "At the curtain of the second act," writes G. K. W., "Mr. Collier brings Mabel, the cigarette lady, to Mrs. Ralston and says, 'Mrs. Ralston, Mabel will tell you the truth' when, as a matter of fact, Mr. Collier as well as Mr. Ralston, Mr. Donnelly and the tiresome one know that she will not tell the truth. Mr. Collier has legally and rightfully lost his bet when he makes said remark."

This is serious if true, for Mr. Collier has been getting \$10,000 every night now for some six weeks. If G. K. W. is right the comedian owes the other characters in the play \$480,000.

Yorkville German Theatre  
A musical comedy, entitled "Die Tolle Dolly" ("The Mad Dolly") opens at the Yorkville German Theatre Monday night and will continue indefinitely. It will be reviewed in Tuesday's Tribune.

"Seven Chances" Moving  
"Seven Chances" which has been at George Cohan's since early in August, will be transferred to-morrow to the Belasco, where it will continue until the holiday period. "The Boomerang" simultaneously, takes to the road.

## And Then the Deluge

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN," to-morrow evening at the Cohan. A. E. Thomas has fashioned this piece from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller, and Henry Miller presents the play with Ruth Chatterton as star. It will be Miss Chatterton's third appearance in New York—the first in "The Rainbow" and the second in "Daddy Long-Legs."

"Come Out of the Kitchen" was played for five weeks in San Francisco by Mr. Miller's company, and at the Columbia Theatre there it broke all attendance records. The story is that of a proud Southern family who rent their home to a rich Northerner, and the three acts are laid in the Daingerfield mansion in Virginia.

Bruce McNea will come back to town to play the leading male role, and others in the cast will be Marguerite St. John, Alice Lindahl, Mrs. Charles G. Craig, Barbara Milton, Frances Goodrich, Charles Trowbridge, William H. Sams, Walter Connolly and Harry Mestayer.

"SO LONG LETTY," to-morrow evening at the Shubert. It is described as a musical farce, but New York already knows considerable about it. In the first place, it is based upon Elmer Harris's comedy, "Thy Neighbor's Wife," played here at the Lyceum a number of seasons ago. Secondly, "So Long Letty" has played for a season in the West, and Earl Harris, according to the reports, has written a deal of snappy music, and there is said to be a humorous book by none other than Mr. Morosco, the producer.

In the company will be Charlotte Greenwood, whose long figure used to be familiar hereabouts; Sydney Grant, also well known here; Walter Catlett, May Boley, Frances Perry Baldwin, Vera Doria, Winnie Baldwin, Ben Linn and the Cameron Sisters.

"MAJOR PENDENNIS," Tuesday evening at the Criterion. John Drew's appearance as Pendennis marks what is in many particulars the most important production of the season. For the first time in twenty-six years Mr. Drew appears under a banner other than the Frohman, having enrolled himself with John D. Williams. Also, Mr. Drew will create one of Thackeray's best known characters in a play by Langdon Mitchell, who is generally regarded as America's most able writer of high comedy.

In the courageous but none too scrupulous Major Mr. Drew will have a role unlike anything that he has hitherto played. The other characters of the story, of course, will also spring to life—Arthur, the valet, Blanche Amory, George Warrington and various celebrated Thackerians. Interest will be added by the presence in the cast of Brandon Tynan, playing Arthur. Others in the cast will be Edith Shayne, John S. O'Brien, Helen MacKellar, Alison Skipworth, Helen Mencken, Walter Kingsford, Alice Chapin, Mary Worth, Lester Lonergan, Jane Houston and Leonard Wiley.

The play has been staged by B. Iden Payne, who performed a similar service for "Justice."

"GO TO IT," Tuesday evening at the Princess. It is "the third annual Princess Theatre musical production," and F. Ray Comstock and William Elliott are the producers. John L. Golden, John E. Hazard and Anne Caldwell are the authors, and something more than rumor has it that Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" is the foundation of the story.

In the cast will be Percival Knight, Emma Janvier, Wellington Cross, Lois Josephine, Charles Judels, Will Deming, Will Archie, Helen Bond, Tyler Brooks and innumerable others.

"OBJECT MATRIMONY," Wednesday evening at the Cohan and Harris. This is a story of Jewish life by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, both of whom are already well known to fame. Mr. Glass's Potash and Perlmutter have already been made into two successful plays; neither Abe nor Mawruss, however, figures in "Object Matrimony." As for Mr. Goodman, two of his plays—"Treasure Island" and "The Man Who Came Back"—are even now on view here.

In the cast will be Jess Dandy, long associated with "The Prince of Pilsen"; Mathilde Cottrell, who has done much good acting hereabouts; Irving Cummings, better known in motion pictures; Jules Jordan, who has played Abe Potash on the road; Leo Donnelly, who has been in both the Potash shows; Marjorie Wood, Jean Temple, Wright Kramer, William Dixon, Robert Robbins, Philip Dunning, Philip Loeb, Clifford B. Nelson, Emil Hoch, Max Rossi and William J. Kane.

"DER GATTE DES FRAULEINS," Wednesday evening at the Irving Place Theatre. This piece, which in English is "The Spinster's Husband," is a comedy by Gabriel Dregey, a Hungarian. Its presentation in German will mark its first performance in this country. In the cast will be Rudolph Christians, Margarete Felsing, Heinrich Marlow and Hanns Unterkircher.

"THE SHOW OF WONDERS," Thursday evening at the Winter Garden. Promise is given that the new extravaganza, like its predecessors, is grander than any that have gone before. The entertainment is in two acts and twenty scenes—book by Harold Ertteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg, Otto Motzan and Herman Timberg; staged by J. C. Huffman. An unusually magnificent cast has been assembled, the headliners including McIntyre and Heath, Eugene and Willie Howard, George W. Monroe, Walter C. Kelly, Tom Lewis, John T. Murray, Daisie Irving, Marilyn Miller, Clayton and White, Alexis Kosloff, James Watt, George Baldwin and Dan Quinlan.

### Columbia Theatre

"Midnight Frolics," a new burlesque in two acts and ten scenes, will be shown this week at the Columbia by the Harry Hastings Big Show. Dan Coleman, a comedian who works along the lines of George W. Monroe, needs the cast.

### Standard Theatre

"The Cinderella Man," which pleased thousands during its long run at the Hudson last season, will be on view this week at the Standard. The original company, headed by Phoebe Foster, Shelley Hull and Frank Bacon, will be present.

## QUOTH COBB AND MEGRUE

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

IRVIN COBB leaned forward and held up one sixteen-and-a-quarter finger for attention. He did it just in time, furthermore, for it was threatening to cease being an interview and to take on some of the aspects of a week-end.

"I want you to make one thing clear," he said. "Throughout our collaboration it has been Mr. Megrue who has given unselfishly of his time and talents. Any success that 'Under Sentence' may achieve is attributable solely to his."

"Nonsense, Irvin! If you hadn't"—  
"Just a minute, Roi. I want the truth to be known. . . . Mr. Megrue has been wonderful—really wonderful. The play is all his. And through it all he has been the finest!"

"No, no, no! I won't let you talk like that, Irvin. . . . Really he is just reversing the situation. It is he who has been the worker; it is he who has put into the play everything it has that is worth while. He has done so much for it that I blush with guilt when I see my name on the programme, but that is the slightest part of it all. It has been the WAY he has done, the spirit in."

"That's not true, Roi."

"It is true, Irvin, and you know it."

"But—"

When quiet had been restored and the third party was waiting in the corridor for the elevator, Mr. Cobb slipped softly out of the offices.

"Past!" he said. "I just wanted to tell you the facts about it. Megrue is a nice fellow, but he's an awful weight when it comes to writing a play. How he put over all those successes, I don't know. Practically the whole play is mine—the stuff that Megrue put in is terrible. That's all I wanted to say. I knew you'd understand, of course, but I thought I ought to tell you."

Sixty-six minutes later there was a ring on the office phone. Mr. Megrue was on the wire.

"Listen," he said. "You know how it was with that stuff about Cobb—he was in the room and I had to say it. He isn't a playwright, of course—you know that and I know it. All he did with 'Under Sentence' was to get in the way. He's all right personally, and he writes pretty good stuff in 'The Post'—I don't want to knock him. He just can't write plays, that's all. I was pretty sure you'd understand, but I wanted to tell you about it. Goodbye. So there you are."

To hear them tell it when they're together, however, Irvin S. Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue were jolly little (the word is used carelessly) collaborators.

"We got along first rate," explained Cobb, "because we didn't see enough of each other to get mad about. We sketched the piece out together rather carelessly, and then we went our several ways and worked on it. So perhaps it wasn't a real collaboration. I never could understand the kind you read about—where people work together and one does one scene and the other."

"Takes it up from there," proceeded Mr. Megrue. "It's beyond me, too. Now, the way we got together was this: Irvin was."

"Coming back from a Jersey lecture date one day, and the Selwyns's Mr. Pink Hayes was along, and he said: 'Irvin, why don't you write a play or something?' I said: 'Gosh! I don't know anything about plays.' 'You don't have to,' said Hayes. 'Write one with Roi Megrue. He's'—"

"One of the greatest playwrights in the country," took up Mr. Megrue, unwilling to leave that part of it to his collaborator. "In fact," said Mr. Hayes, "I cannot think of any one more splendidly equipped than Megrue!"

"Unless it's Cobb," continued Hayes. Anyhow, I used to have the habit of dropping around to the Hudson to see the German soldiers in 'Under Fire,' and one night during the show we

slipped into the Geneva Restaurant, right next door, and wrote a scenario on the tablecloth. While our backs were turned they sent the tablecloth to the laundry!"

"So we wrote the next one on the table," it was Mr. Megrue's turn.

"We were then confronted with the problem of getting the table out of the restaurant," he continued, warming up to his topic. "Ordinarily a restaurant proprietor becomes suspicious of a customer who enters his establishment and endeavors to carry off one of the tables!"

"Instead of a loosely fitting overcoat," wedged in Mr. Cobb. "Therefore we moved to the Knickerbocker, where both the cuisine and the stationery are decidedly superior, and Mr. Regan is entitled to use as an advertisement the fact that two luncheons at the Knickerbocker were sufficient to enable us to work out the entire scheme of 'Under Sentence.' It is really astonishing!"

"How much important business is transacted at lunch. Nations fall and gross receipts rise as the direct results of the time between the end of the salad and the beginning of the coffee. At all events, we built our play around Irvin's."

"Excellent!"

"Short story, 'The Escape of Mr. Trim.' We wrote two acts in front of it and a couple back of it!"

"And then closed in on it. Consequently, the story is not now in the play. Not even when it was dropped, however, did I so much as murmur an objection. We got along perfectly, which reminds me to inquire if you ever heard the story about?"

"Paul Armstrong and the opening night of 'The Deep Purple.' Paul was standing on the stage before the curtain went up, and the stage manager told him about something in the third act that ought to come out. 'Why don't you talk it over with Mr. Mizner?' asked the stage manager. Wilson Mizner, you may remember, was Mr. Armstrong's collaborator. 'Huh!' snorted Armstrong. 'I'm not speaking to Mizner.' 'Then mention it to the actors,' continued—"

"The stage manager. 'I should say not,' replied Armstrong. 'I'm not speaking to those actors.' And a little later, when the audience applauded and demanded a speech from the author, Armstrong was not to be found around the theatre. But he sent word that he was not speaking to that audience. And although with us—"

"The case was quite different," interlarded Mr. Megrue, "you are privileged to say anything you want and we will stand for it. And if you think of anything bright!"

"Remember to credit it to me," finished Cobb. "If they're just fair you can let Roi have them."

And so that one belongs to Mr. Cobb.

## IN VAUDEVILLE

PALACE—Eddie Foy and the Seven Foyas in "The Old Woman in the Shoe"; Grace La Rue, Morton and Moore, Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore, Chic Sale, the Misses Campbell, Dainty Marie, Arthur Deagon.

COLONIAL—Nan Halperin, Toots Paka and Hawaiian Singers; Genevieve Cliff & Co., in "A Breath of Old Virginia"; Dong Fong Gue and Harry Gao; Lovenberg Sisters & Co., in "Around the Compass"; Dugan and Raymond, in "They Auto Know Better"; Will Morrissey, Phina & Co. and Frank Le Dent.

ALHAMBRA—Hermine Shone & Co., in "Every Girl"; Nellie V. Nichols, Willard Simms, Oscar Lorraine, Charles Leonard Fletcher, Joe Cook and the Cycling Brunettes.

ROYAL—Lew Brice and Helen Coyne; Ryan and Lee, Maria Lo and models; Keller Mack and Anna Oakley; William Sisto and the Retter Brothers.

DRURY LANE is at it again. There is another huge melodrama melodraming away within the confines of the great London playhouse, so it is probably only a matter of time until some optimistic American manager will bring it over here, with the "complete London production," and install it in the Manhattan Opera House. This despite the fact that American audiences are uniformly cool to this type of attraction, although, perhaps, "The Whip" is to be set down as an exception.

The new piece at Drury is entitled "The Best of Luck," and the descriptions in the London papers indicate that it is more so than ever. There is "the dash of the heroine on her motor-bike over the insecure structure that bridges the Miller's Gap; the hurrying to destruction of the car that attempts to follow her." Also, "a submarine slowly sinking to rest on the bed of the ocean, the hero emerging therefrom in a diving dress of the latest style"—cut close at the waist, presumably.

Nor is the story neglected. There is "the beautiful heroine who wants to be loved for herself alone, no longer the type of damsel who swooned in the face of danger, but a sporting, up-to-date girl, who can do and dare anything." To say nothing of "the noble hero, Lord Glenayr, very proud and very poor, hating his rival—rich, soft-voiced General Lanzara. Spurned politely by the heroine, Lanzara swears she shall be his, by fair means or foul, and proceeds to the latter with the aid of a false friend, Lady Blanche"—and so on and so on. You will see it all over here sooner or later.

Incidentally, the beautiful and harassed heroine is being played by none other than Miss Madge Tildersage, who is well known on this side of the water for her work with Lewis Waller and in "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

So here is Montague Glass coming along with still another play, and the assumption is that presently no season will be complete without one or more plays by Mr. Glass. Potash and Perlmutter are out of the comedy coming to the Cohan & Harris, Mr. Glass evidently being of the opinion that Abe and Mawruss have done their share. And so far as Mr. Glass is concerned, they have.

The story of Mr. Glass's early struggles with the partners is cheering, considering the heights to which he has since ascended. The first P. and P. yarn was written eight years ago, and was titled simply "Potash and Perlmutter." The story concerned Mawruss's marriage and Abe's grief thereover, and with the change that overcame the senior partner when large orders began to roll in from the cities that Mawruss was visiting on his honeymoon.

One publication after another turned the story down—most of them because they feared that Jews would be offended by it. Then an obscure publication in the Middle West accepted it, and printed it in May, 1906. Then it accepted another and printed it, and then went out of business.

Then encouraged, Mr. Glass sold the

next story to Robert H. Davis, who ran it in one of the minor Munsey publications. The next one went to George Horace Lorimer, who bought it. It was "Taking It Easy." It duly appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post," and thereafter the world ticked on as usual. The story made nary a splash. But the piece with the splash was on the way. It was "The Arverne Sackue." "The Arverne Sackue" put Montague Glass on his feet, and the appearance of Abe and Mawruss on the stage was a foregone conclusion from that moment. They have been on the stage in English, French, Russian, German, and Hungarian.

So it is not to be marvelled that Mr. Glass feels a bit indebted to them.

The forthcoming season of the Théâtre Français, it appears, is to be played not in Forty-fifth street, but in Thirty-sixth. M. Bonheur's proposed new home has not progressed beyond the foundations, and an opening on November 11 is quite obviously out of the question. On the other hand, announcement is made that "Le Poilu," now at the Garrick, will be followed next month by "Catherine," and intimation is given that the Garrick will be the centre of the Gallic drama for the coming season. Mr. Morosco's Forty-fifth Street house, on the contrary, is now under roof, and "Canary Cottage" will be able to open there in December.

It seems that the chorus girl who entered the new Century show was compelled to get through the eye of a needle. The requirements were rather strict. "Not only," says the announcement, "was the candidate obliged to fill the exacting requirements of Mr. Raphael Kirchner's rarefied ideal of chorus girl beauty—a beauty which includes an ensemble of face, figure, expression, complexion and muscular grace—but she had to be able to give a satisfactory demonstration of her vocal abilities and of her understanding of what constitutes drawing room manners. Quite as important as her ability to sing is the chorus girl's knowledge of how one should leave or enter a room."

Endowed with such perfection and possessed of such rare talents, however, why should any girl have to enter the chorus?

Stephen Davis, the fourteen-year-old youngster who plays the orphan kid in "Pollyanna," is hiding a terrible secret. He used to be a girl. Three or four years ago he had beautiful golden curls, and so he was Martha, the "dear little girl," in "A Bachelor's Baby." Impressionable women in thirty or forty states are said to have raved over his cuteness, and young Davis was under bonds to gnash his teeth and say nothing. The curls are off now, of course, and Davis will probably grow up into a regular actor. He has many years of experience back of him, for in addition to the engagement with Francis Wilson he has played with Mary Manning, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Chauncey Olcott and in "Passerby."



Clara Tice's impression of the heroine of "Sisters of Susanna" at the Comedy.